

Our San Francisco Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2nd, 1881.

The following is the *Chronicle* notice of the social event which befell one of your townsmen: "The first wedding of last week was that of Miss McCoppin, sister of Frank McCoppin, and William Brewer of the Hawaiian Islands, which took place at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the 14th, at the residence of Mr. McCoppin, on the northeast corner of Waller and Laguna streets, the Right Rev. Archbishop Alemany performing the rites. After the ceremony the few invited friends, about thirty-five in all, sat down to a splendid breakfast, which was enjoyed until the hour of departure arrived, when the newly-married couple left the city for a trip through the Eastern cities. Miss McCoppin was married in a satin of a light-olive bronze tint, combined with broad satin, with trimmings of chenille and silver-gray fringe. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer will return to this coast in the fall, and after spending some time here, will then go to their home in Maui."

SCHOOLS.

One of the things which strikes an islander visiting here are the troops of children all over the city—especially in this so, where the schools are dismissed. The noisy urchins all the streets, and spread out in all directions, living, lively, frisky specks of humanity. Where are the homes that will take all these in—who will care for and manage these irrepressible young ones? Their numbers equal a good-sized army, as the following statistics show. They alone outnumber all your population: "There are according to the last school census 79,386 children in this city. Of these 15,463 are the children of native parents, 10,440 are of mixed parentage, 50,238 are of foreign parents, and 2,765 were born abroad." Under this admirable public school system, most of these children are gathered in, and can without cost, get a more than common education. It is a cause of considerable grumbling from some, and argument from others, that the schools teach too much. These cannot approve of the public schools teaching the higher mathematics, languages, music, drawing, book-keeping, etc., for say they, the three R's when drilled in, are all the public chest ought to contribute for the making of an average citizen. The cost per scholar is now nearly double what it is in the East, and largely in excess of the cost in England, France and other European countries. The School Board this year call for \$200,000, and assure the tax-payers that they cannot get on with less. The Board employ over 700 teachers.

The Board of Supervisors, who feel they must do something in the way of retrenchment of city expenses, skip over other departments, where money judiciously lavished means votes, and begin retrenchment (where most fathers' whether of city, country or family begin) viz: with the children's education. The Board of Supervisors "take down" the Board of Education to \$630,000, upon which the School Superintendent threatens a "mandamus" to be informed of the cause why—and the School Board get into a fever—as to, can the schools be carried for the amount named, and the majority say no, and the proposition is made to shut up the schools two months; and the teachers, who have been pruned last year on their salaries down to a point of desperation, cry out, "We don't care a pin, what comes next!" And the Supervisors, who labor under the accusation of being desperate politicians and ignorant fellows, say, "We don't care for the threats and the clamor!" And as the fight is still progressing, parents and children do not know if schools will keep or not this year.

MIDWINTER.

You tropic birds may not and cannot appreciate the miseries of midsummer on these higher latitudes. The daylight hangs on so at the end of the day, and puts in such an early appearance in the morning that it is really distressing. Think of being waked by 3 1/2 a.m. that another day is beginning, while you remember having only fairly dismissed its predecessor at 8 1/2 p.m. Then too, the danger one incurs when out on an evening lark, of having the risen sun light home his untidy steps, or at an hour as a Bohemian expressed it when "one lamp-post in hand, is worth two on the next block." Gay devotees of pleasure also have to look sharp if they mean to "go home before morning." A little experience of these long days makes one sympathize with "Algy": "Approach of midsummer: Fred—Haw; what do you do with yourself to-night, dear boy?" "Algy"—Nothing. "And—how—precious little of that. Fred is, these long days it gets so awfully late so awfully early."

ECONOMY.

Labor saving devices are the present road to wealth. He who can produce the cheapest secures the market. If our planters pursued now the wasteful ways of early days, when labor counted last in the item of cost, and main strength and sturdiness were chief factors in producing sugar—not even our Treaty prices could save our "bacon." One wants to mix with these communities where competition is fierce and a penny saved is more than a penny advantage in sale, to appreciate how old industries thrive and new ones make place for themselves. This moralizing comes from observation of small things, seeing some things done—not in a wonderful way—but so different from years ago, when time was not counted, and no account was made of labor saving appliances. A stout dray was on the wharf with a single man, the driver, to get a load of pipes of wine. Unaided, he never could have rolled those casks upon his dray, although its floor was not more than two feet from the ground. Nevertheless, he backed his dray up to his intended load, and having placed two of the "rungs" of his dray as "skids," he quietly proceeded from a winch under the driver's seat to unwind a sling, in which the cask, after being placed and pointed, was without any pushing, tugging, or swearing, directly rolled up on the dray by his single arm at the crank of the winch. Six casks made up his load, quickly made up by this simple device, and at minimum cost of muscle. Similar devices are to be seen everywhere in the transportation service. At steamer landings, where celerity is an object, five and six casks are eased down a gang plank by slings at once, and trucks loaded to a degree, which would have appalled a dock hand years ago, made easy to handle by balancing one load over the wheels, stand ready on boat or wharf, for instant change of place when the landings are reached.

MORTS.

The admirers of the poetess of Bunker Hill Day who probably expected to see the poem in full, next day in the glorious garb of print, must think the reporter a fiend. He contents himself with a single extract instead, merely sampling it as one might a tub of butter—leaving the great public to imagine where the joke comes in. The balance of the poem has not been called for. The President of the Association welcomed the guests, who numbered about 500, and introduced the Rev. A. L. Brewer, who, after a prayer, read the poem, which was contributed by some unknown who signed herself "Augustine M." The following is the extract:

Then let us now, while gathered here
Resolve this day shall ever be
A public day to our nation dear;
Devoted sacredly to Liberty.

Last week in a down town store, a man had placed a board across an elevator well and was standing thereon, when it broke and he fell some sixty feet to the bottom. His back was broken so that death came shortly to his release, but he fell upon a man at the bottom who was rendered insensible through concussion of the brain. Three days afterward in the hospital he opened his eyes and inquired "what's happened?" Three days in cold oblivion, knocked out of the world in fact, when his soul looks again out of his eyes, and wants to pick up its history of the last hours. Suppose the senses had never more been restored, and the soul had entered upon that "hour of hours" when no traveler returns—would it then have cried out "what's happened?" Although cause for surprise and curiosity would have been a thousand fold greater. The great mystery would have been solved, yet we living men would not be any the wiser for it.

Two gentle sinners were praising the Revised Testament the other day, "On I said they to more hell now, that's been done away, nothing but 'Hades' in the new text." Indeed I don't see too sure that Hades would be comfortable, you may sigh for the old fashioned fires yet.

Why are graceless young men permitted to exist, fellows who can sneer at a pretty conceit, and rob it of its sweetness as ruthlessly as they would an orchard.

Such a one had his attention called to that conceit of Balser on Disowned—when the hero after the usual mishaps, despair, and faithful devotion to the mistress of his heart, succeeds in winning her, and in the summer arbor where the engagement happens, the lips of the lover wander from her hand to her cheek, and thence to "her mouth, where the west wind had planted the sweets of a (his) and summer's" call you not expression? "What strikes me?" said the graceless one. "Is not the sweets but the years—pretty old girl that, to be sweet on?"

TEARS.

The Bohemian Clots of San Francisco, embrace in its membership many professional and artistic persons, who contribute to its monthly literary reviews, essays, poetry, music, paintings and bar-lesques, full of merrit and interest. Their mid-

summer jinks was held in the Red Wood Forest near Greeneryville last week. A night and a day was spent in the wood, about 130 persons having dismissed dull care, and being determined upon having a good time. A rustic platform and dais in a glade, with the monarchs lifting their leafy heads, more than 200 feet into the dark and still night served for the literary forum, in which grave and gay papers were read, poetry recited, and music both vocal and instrumental given. The adjacent tents, the trees and shrubs lighted with gay Japanese lanterns, the ripple of the stream near at hand, and a total eclipse of the moon in progress seen in glimpses through the trees. And later on in mid-heaven, shrouding for near an hour, the full orb of the queen of night gave a weirdness to the jinks, and the scene that stirred even the dullest mind. At midnight a fantastic ceremony came off and joined in by all with hearty applause. It was announced as the "creation of care." There issued from the wood an apparently aged and white haired, long bearded patriarch, with trembling gait, and supporting staff, a band of instruments followed playing softly and sweetly a funeral march, and after them on a bier on which a coffin containing the remains of Care reposed, carried and followed by a black-cowled band of friars, who with torches in hand simulated a proper grief and respect for the deceased.

The other members of the club fell into line, and with measured tread the procession followed a winding path for some hundred of yards through the forest to the place of cremation. Here from a rustic pulpit the patriarch (Gen. Barnes) delivered an oration upon defunct Care, and the sorrow of the club over his loss as a member of the club. Funeral hymns and responses filled out the exercises, and then the coffin was placed upon its pyre with a few more short sentences of farewell regrets, the torch was applied, and as kerosene had been plentifully poured over the pile, the flames instantly enveloped it and shot upward to the sky. Soon the fire penetrated the coffin, and thence burst forth the blue and green flames of Roman candles, rockets, etc., filling the tree tops and foliage with rushing, corrugating fires. The ashen, variegated hues put upon the foliage of the redwoods as one looked at it scores of feet, was exceedingly beautiful. The members looked on in silence until only embers marked the spot, and then returning sought their tents satisfied that figuratively Care had perished from the earth, but in reality would meet them on the morrow in their homes, offices and stores, never to leave until they themselves should be burned or cremated.

THE COMET.

Somewhat of a sensation has been created here by the advent of a brilliant comet on the morning of the 23d inst. The stranger has put in an appearance unheralded, at least the public were unaware of its vicinity until the newspaper reporters got hold of it and gave it a glowing set out, like that of other distinguished arrivals. It seems strange that so brilliant a comet should come at once into the field, without any preliminary radiance to indicate its approach. Your correspondent happened to be gazing out of an eastern window on the morning in question and caught sight of it, just dipping into the haze that usually hangs about the horizon. He tried to reason himself of that joy which belongs to a discoverer, and at the same time to devise the best way of announcing the fact to the world, reserving intact his "pre-emption rights" when the morning light obscured the comet, hiding it in a friendly way to give him another 24 hours on which to perfect his plans and secure the glory. He mentioned to his intimates at the breakfast table his discovery, thereby prudently putting an anchor to windward, in case of dispute as to priority, and calmly awaited another night. The night came and the comet came, but the next morning's paper came also full of description of the celestial phenomenon and disgustingly enough, asserting that half-a-dozen persons had seen it also on the first night, and the reporter believed their claimants and published their names and left your correspondent out with a wrecked chance of "adorned a tail." Miserable men are these reporters! now they may keep their old comet to themselves and make what they can about it. Bad luck to them! they don't know anything about a comet, albeit they print such a lot of stuff about this one, all patched material. They can't tell us what it is or where it comes from or anything about its tail, which one says "is about twenty feet long" as though he were describing a kite. They have got to wait until the "big wigs" of the observatories have had interviews then you and others may get valuable information about it.

N. B.—Before the above was "set up" a morning paper announced that there were two comets. The first discovered one, to be seen in the east at 3 a.m., his brother (they looked so much alike) in the west at 8 p.m. The reportorial account of their appearances was refreshing, and it saved the multitude a deal of thinking, for how was "any fellow to find out." How the comet traveled in the night from west to east, instead of the other way as do other nightly disclosed heavenly bodies. The two comet theory explained it all easily and naturally. The savants exploded this view as did the comet itself, which persisted every time, in looking like itself, and as some explanation became imperative, the reporters finally conceded that the west to east motions were due to the fact that the comet does not go below the horizon, and "mushys" back to his place in the east during the night instead of day. The comet has been now turned over to the astronomers but as yet no report has been made. It has not been classified or named it in fact a stranger and an orphan. Probably in a few days Prof. Proctor will give his views and then you'll know all about it.

THE FOURTH.

The "glorious" fourth is at hand. The city is blossoming out with flags and streamers. The premonitory pop of fire-crackers, of double headers, and the buzz of rockets are to be heard occasionally. The juvenile mind is on the alert and patriotic thrills are on the war. However a procession and oration, and some fire-works at Woodward's Garden is about all that is to be done this year. Old residents say the celebration will be lame and not worth seeing. But such old grumblers and conservatives are to be found everywhere even in Honolulu where the Fourth is not unknown as a gala day.

Yours, X.



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Tablets, Marble Mantels,
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MARBLE WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
MADE TO ORDER
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Monuments and Headstones Cleaned and
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Orders from the other Islands promptly attended to.

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HOTEL STREET, HONOLULU.**

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FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Prices the same as First-Class Hotels in San Francisco.

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THE DAVIS IRON WAGON COMPANY

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE
Davis Iron Wagon on the Pacific Coast is a success, owing to the fact that it meets a long felt and pressing want.

A wagon, strong, durable, light, cheap, easy-running and useful in appearance, possessing all the advantages of one constructed of wood, and none of its disadvantages, has been long wished for, and repeated attempts have been made to construct such a vehicle, but never except in the Davis Iron Wagon has the desired object been achieved.

The Davis Iron Wagon, in its perfected form, as now placed before the public, represents no hastily or recently conceived mechanical appliance; but on the contrary it embodies years of careful study, patient toil and thorough tests on the part of the original constructors.

Inventive skill of the highest order, aided by a knowledge of mechanics and engineering, has produced not only the best wagon in the world, but also devised the processes and machinery for the manufacture of the same; all of which, together with a number of late improvements, are secured by Letters Patent.

In general appearance it resembles the ordinary wooden wagon, except that it is far more handsome and graceful in its proportions.

The pole and shafts are of wood. The small boiler plate is cast. The hubs and spokes are malleable. With these exceptions the entire vehicle throughout is constructed of the finest quality of wrought iron, put together in the most workmanlike manner and in the best shape possible to answer the purpose intended.

The Following Grades of Wagons

Are manufactured by the Company:

The Header Wagon,

(Exhibited at the California State Fair—1880.)

The Farm Wagon,

The Light Freight Wagon,

The Medium Freight Wagon,

(Adopted by the U. S. Government.)

The Davis Iron Wagon, while suitable wherever vehicles are employed, is especially adapted for use in western and southern countries, on ranches and plantations—on the plains and mountains.

The following are a few of the many advantages possessed by the Davis Iron Wagon:

1. It can never swell nor shrink.
2. Boxes can be filled without removing the wheels.
3. Axle ends and shoulders are protected from dust and grit.
4. Springs are supplied for any part, and it can be repaired by any mechanic.
5. It will run until the tires wear out, when a new one can be put on by any blacksmith.
6. Should by any possibility the tire break, it can be run without it to place of repair—all day if necessary without injury to the wheels.
7. It has telescopic axles, so constructed that in case of a broken spindle an extra spindle can be inserted and no serious delay experienced.

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Is believed to be the most

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The following are a few of numerous testimonials:

OFFICE OF ELGIN IRON & STEEL ROLLING MILL CO.,
ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1878.

DAVIS IRON WAGON CO.

Gentlemen:—I cheerfully hand you the following statement: The Iron Wagon purchased of you have been in daily use in and about our Rolling Mills the past season. They have successfully stood the severest tests of heavy loads and rough usage. I believe them the strongest and best wagons for business purposes. They are of every draught, and I intend to supply our Mills with them as fast as our wooden wagons wear out.

One of your medium freight or army wagons, weighing, before loaded, 1384 pounds, was on the 11th instant loaded at our Furnace with 8 1/2 tons of iron, and hauled to our Mills, three-fourths of a mile distant, crossing railroad tracks, bridges and portions of roads that thoroughly tested its merits, without any apparent strain to any part.

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At the New York State Fair one of the wheels of the above wagon was exhibited after it had been used two years. It had run over 15,000 miles with a load varying from 2,500 to 4,500 pounds. The tire had never been reset, and the whole wheel was as perfect as when new. It had run more miles than it would if used as a farm wagon twenty-five years.

The Davis Iron Wagon has been adopted by the United States Government. No greater recommendation than this can be offered, and none other is necessary.

MESSRS.

DILLINCHAM & CO.

Reg to announce that they have been appointed

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